

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Devoted to the interests of the Students.

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

VOLUME V.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 16, 1871.

NUMBER 2.

Tales by the Camp-Fire.

NUMBER ONE.

THE REAR FLAGSMAN'S STORY.

We were a jolly crowd that winter. A crowd that, take them all in all, we shall not look upon their like again.

"Fred," said the Leveller, addressing the Rear Flagman, "Yours is a lonesome position, stuck away back there behind the corps, with no chance to interchange a word with any one, unless when Joe (Joe was Rodsman) or I happen to be left behind a little way. And yet you seem always happy and contented. Hang me, if you are not the most contented man in the corps."

"Yes," said Fred, with a placid smile, (he was a German) "I am satisfied." And he went on quietly puffing his merschaum pipe. "But how do you amuse yourself? Give us the benefit of your experience," pursued the Leveller.

"Yes; yes, Fred—tell us your experience!" shouted all the boys.

"Oh! I never have had any very remarkable experience. I look around a good deal more than you other boys have time to do; and I see lots of things in the woods."

"Any thing to shoot? Deer? Bears? Turkeys? Coons? Possums? Snakes?" were the eager questions hazarded on all sides.

"Not much of any kind of game. These woods have been too ill used for that. The new settlers have no idea of preserving game. They shoot old and young promiscuously, and have no regard to the time of year. Any thing to make a meal for the occasion. In a few years the beasts of the chase will be almost unknown, except by tradition."

"But tell us what you have seen."

"Well, I will tell you what I saw this morning, when the night mist still hung frozen from the trees, sparkling in the rising sun like a thousand many colored gems. While the transitman remained so long at his point, the axmen slowly cutting a way through the tangled brush, other sounds than those of our own axes met my ears. I turned to my left, whence the sounds proceeded, and saw a gay and airy flag, borne by one that scarce seemed human, clad in a vesture glistening like the frost-covered trees. His face was smiling—but the smile seemed rather one of mockery than of joy. He seemed to set the flag in obedience to his transitman's signals; and then advanced the sylph-like axmen, their silver axes ringing with sweet music among the trees. Then the chainmen—their chain was golden and their stakes were ivory tipped with brass,—merrily and joyfully they drove them down; and the transitman followed, setting up his flashing, dazzling instrument where the front flag had been planted, and so they all passed by, a mirthful-smiling throng—but oh! what joyless smiles. Gay were they in attire—crimson and purple, green and gold, with jewels flashing from every clasp and button. But the levelling party followed—shadowy phantoms were the leveller and his rodsman. They called the numbers in a hollow voice, and I reckoned them as they were called.

And I made out that the road that gallant party had staked out was all on a *heavy down-grade*. While I was engaged in this computation, the sun had risen higher, and a large mass of frozen rime, detached by his heat, fell from the limbs of a large oak near me, with a crash that drew my attention for a moment from the phantom engineers. When I looked again they were gone."

"You were dreaming, Fred. It was early in the morning, and the sleep was not out of your eyes."

"But what was the road they were surveying?" asked our hind chainman, who was a very matter-of-fact sort of man. "I did not know that there was any road to cross ours where we were this morning."

"It must have been the ROAD TO RUIN," said the transitman rather sententiously.

"Yes; their instruments were too costly to go into the woods with," pursued the hind chainman. "A golden chain and ivory stakes, indeed! The company could not last long at that rate."

"But let us have another story," said the Leveller. "Fred, I believe you are entitled to the call, after that whopper."

"I call upon our Transitman for his story," said the rear flagman.

We will give the Transitman's story in another chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Philosopher and the School-Girl.

[A translation from the French of the well-known story has been handed us, and we publish it knowing it will be new to many, and acceptable to those who have already read it in the original or in a translation.—Ed.]

Not long ago a young man from the Provinces was sent to Paris to finish his education; but, like many others, he had the misfortune of getting into bad company. His own passions, inflamed by the godless conversation of his companions, caused him to forget the instructions of his pious mother and to despise his religion. He went so far as to wish and finally to say, there is no God; God was only a word. After staying several years in the Capital the young man returned to his family. One day he was invited to a respectable house where there was a numerous company.

Whilst all was entertaining themselves with news, pleasure and business, two girls aged respectively twelve and thirteen were seated in a bay-window reading together. The young man approached them and asked: "What beautiful romance are you reading so attentively young ladies?"

"We are reading no romance, sir."

"Not a romance? What book are you reading then?"

"We are reading the history of God's chosen people."

"You believe then that there is a God?"

Astonished at such a question the girls look at each other, the blood mounting to their cheeks.

"And you sir, you do not believe it?" quickly replied the older one.

"Once I believed it, but after living in Paris

and studying philosophy, mathematics, politics, I am convinced that God is an empty word."

"I, sir, was never in Paris, I have never studied philosophy or mathematics, or all those beautiful things which you know, I only know my Catechism; but since you are so learned and say there is no God, you can also easily tell me whence the egg comes?"

The young girl spoke these words sufficiently loud for a part of the company to hear them. At first a few persons approached to hear what they were speaking about; others followed. Finally the whole company collected around the bay-window to listen to the conversation.

"Yes sir," said the young girl, "since you say that there is no God will you be kind enough to explain to me whence the egg comes?"

"A funny question truly; the egg comes from the hen."

"And now sir, whence comes the hen?"

"You know that as well as I do, Miss; the hen comes from the egg."

"Which of them existed first, the egg or the hen?"

"I really do not know what you intend with this question and with your hen; but yet that which existed first was the hen."

"There is then a hen which did not come from an egg?"

"Beg your pardon, Miss, I did not take notice that the egg existed first."

"There is then an egg which did not come from a hen?"

"Oh, if you—beg pardon—that is—you see—"

"I see sir, that you do not know whether the egg existed before the hen or the hen before the egg."

"Well then, I say the hen."

"Very well, there is then a hen which did not come from an egg. Tell me now who made this first hen from which all other hens and eggs come?"

"With your hens and your eggs, it seems to me you take me for a poultry dealer."

"By no means, sir, I only ask you to tell me whence the mother of all hens and eggs comes?"

"But for what object?"

"Well since you do not know, you will permit me to tell you. He who created the first hen or as you would rather have it, the first egg, is the same who created the world, and this being we call God. You who can not explain the existence of a hen or an egg without God, still wish to maintain to be able to explain the existence of this world without God?"

The young philosopher was silent; he quietly took his hat, and full of shame departed.

A GENTLEMAN who had taken the horse-cars for Worcester Depot, in Boston, incumbered with manifold bags and parcels, reached the bell-rope with an effort when he wished to get off, and gave a vigorous pull, the result being a sharp ring from both bells. "What are you ringing both ends for?" was the discourteous and surly inquiry of the conductor. "Because I wish the car to stop at both ends," was the quiet reply that left a convulsed car load and discomfited conductor.

[SELECTED.]

ERIC; or, Little by Little.**A Tale of Roslyn School.**BY FREDERIC W. FARRAR,
*Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.***PART FIRST.****CHAPTER II.****A NEW HOME.**

Life hath its May, and all is joyous then;
The woods are vocal, and the flowers breathe odor,
The very breeze hath mirth in't.—*Old Play.*

At last the longed-for yet dreaded day approached, and a letter informed the Trevors that Mr. and Mrs. Williams would arrive at Southampton on July 5th, and would probably reach Ayrton the evening after. They particularly requested that no one should come to meet them on their landing. "We shall reach Southampton," wrote Mrs. Williams, "tired, pale, and travel-stained, and had much rather see you first at Fairholm, where we shall be spared the painful constraint of a meeting in public. So please expect our arrival at about seven in the evening."

Poor Eric! although he had been longing for the time ever since the news came, yet now he was too agitated for enjoyment. Exertion and expectation made him restless, and he could settle down to nothing all day, every hour of which hung most heavily on his hands.

At last the afternoon wore away, and a soft summer evening filled the sky with its gorgeous calm. Far off they caught the sound of wheels; a carriage dashed up to the door, and the next moment Eric sprang into his mother's arms.

"O mother! mother!"

"My own darling, darling boy!"

And as the pale, sweet face of the mother met the bright and rosy child-face, each of them was wet with a rush of unbidden tears. In another moment Eric had been folded to his father's heart, and locked in the arms of his little brother Vernon. Who shall describe the emotions of those few moments? they did not seem like earthly moments; they seemed to belong not to time, but to eternity.

The first evening of such a scene is too excited to be happy. The little party at Fairholm retired early, and Eric was soon fast asleep with his arm round his new-found brother's neck.

Quiet steps entered the chamber, and noiselessly the father and mother sat down by the bedside of their children. Earth could have shewn no scene more perfect in its beauty than that which met their eyes. The pure moonlight flooded the little room, and shewed distinctly the forms and countenances of the sleepers, whose soft, regular breathing was the only sound that broke the stillness of the July night. The small, shining, flower-like faces, with their fair hair—the trustful locking arms folded round each brother's neck—the closed lids and parted lips—made an exquisite picture, and one never to be forgotten. Side by side, without a word, the parents knelt down, and with eyes wet with tears of joyfulness, poured out their hearts in passionate prayer for their young and beloved boys.

Very happily the next month glided away; a new life seemed opened to Eric in the world of rich affections which had unfolded itself before him. His parents—above all, his mother—were everything that he had longed for; and Vernon more than fulfilled to his loving heart the ideal of his childish fancy. He was never tired of playing with and patronizing his little brother, and their rambles by stream and hill made those days appear the happiest he had ever spent. Every evening (for having lived all his life at home, he had not

yet laid aside the habits of early childhood) he said his prayers by his mother's knee; and at the end of one long summer's day, when prayers were finished, and full of life and happiness he lay down to sleep, "O mother," he said, "I am so happy—I like to say my prayers when you are here."

"Yes, my boy, and God loves to hear them."

"Aren't there some who never say prayers, mother?"

"Very many, love, I fear."

"How unhappy they must be! I shall always love to say my prayers."

"Ab, Eric, God grant that you may."

And the fond mother hoped he always would. But these words often came back to Eric's mind in later and less happy days—days when that gentle hand could no longer rest lovingly on his head—when those mild blue eyes were dim with tears, and the fair boy, changed in heart and life, often flung himself down with an unrepenting conscience to prayerless sleep.

It had been settled that in another week Eric was to go to school in the Isle of Roslyn. Mr. Williams had hired a small house in the town of Ellan, and intended to stay there for his year of furlough, at the end of which period Vernon was to be left at Fairholm, and Eric in the house of the head-master of the school. Eric enjoyed the prospect of all things, and he hardly fancied that Paradise itself could be happier than a life at the seaside with his father and mother and Vernon, combined with the commencement of schoolboy dignity. When the time for the voyage came, his first glimpse of the sea, and the sensation of sailing over it with only a few planks between him and the deep waters, struck him silent with admiring wonder. It was a cloudless day; the line of blue sky melted into the line of blue wave, and the air was filled with sunlight. At evening they landed, and the coach took them to Ellan. On the way Eric saw for the first time the strength of the hills, so that when they reached the town and took possession of their cottage, he was dumb with the inrush of new and marvellous impressions.

Next morning he was awake early, and jumping out of bed so as not to disturb the sleeping Vernon, he drew up the window-blind, and gently opened the window. A very beautiful scene burst on him, one destined to be long mingled with all his most vivid reminiscences. It had been too dark on their arrival the evening before to get any definite impression of their residence, so that this first glimpse of it filled him with delighted surprise. Not twenty yards below the garden, in front of the house, lay Ellan Bay, at that moment rippling with golden laughter in the fresh breeze of sunrise. On either side of the bay was a bold headland, the one stretching out in a series of broken crags, the other terminating in a huge mass of rock, called from its shape The Stack. To the right lay the town, with its gray old castle, and the mountain stream running through it into the sea; to the left, high above the beach, rose the crumbling fragment of a picturesque fort, behind which towered the lofty buildings of Roslyn School. Eric learnt the whole landscape by heart, and thought himself a most happy boy to come to such a place. He fancied that he should never be tired of looking at the sea, and could not take his eyes off the great buoy that rolled about in the centre of the bay, and flashed in the sunlight at every move. He turned round full of hope and spirits, and, after watching for a few moments the beautiful face of his sleeping brother, awoke him with boisterous mirth.

"Now, Verny," he cried, as the little boy sprang eagerly out of bed, "don't look till I tell you;" and putting his hands over Vernon's eyes, he led him to the window. Then he threw up the sash, and embodied all his sensations in the one word—

"There!"

To which apostrophe Vernon, after a long gaze,

could make no other answer than, "Oh, Eric! oh, I say!"

That day Eric was to have his first interview with Dr. Rowlands. The school had already reopened, and one of the boys passed by the window while they were breakfasting. He looked very happy and engaging, and was humming a tune as he strolled along. Eric started up and gazed after him with the most intense curiosity. At that moment the unconscious school-boy was to him the most interesting person in the whole world, and he couldn't realize the fact that, before the day was over, he would be a Roslyn boy himself. He very much wondered what sort of a fellow the boy was, and whether he should ever recognize him again, and make his acquaintance. Yes, Eric, the thread of that boy's destiny is twined for many a day with yours; his name is Montagu, as you will know very soon.

At nine o'clock Mr. Williams started towards the school with his son. The walk led them by the seaside, over the sands, and past the ruin, at the foot of which the waves broke at high tide. At any other time Eric would have been overflowing with life and wonder at the murmur of the ripples, the sight of the ships in the bay or on the horizon, and the numberless little shells, with their bright colors and sculptured shapes, which lay about the beach. But now his mind was too full of a single anxiety; and when, after crossing a green playground, they stood by the headmaster's door, his heart fluttered, and it required all his energy to keep down the nervous trembling which shook him.

Mr. Williams gave his card, and they were shown into Dr. Rowlands' study. He was a kind-looking, gentlemanly man, and when he turned to address Eric, after a few minutes' conversation with his father, the boy felt instantly reassured by the pleasant sincerity and frank courtesy of his manner. A short examination shewed that Eric's attainments were very slight as yet, and he was to be put in the lowest form of all, under the superintendence of the Rev. Henry Gordon. Dr. Rowlands wrote a short note in pencil, and giving it to Eric, directed the servant to shew him to Mr. Gordon's school-room.

The bell had just done ringing when they had started for the school, so that Eric knew that all the boys would be by this time assembled at their work, and that he should have to go alone into the middle of them. As he walked after the servant through the long corridors and up the broad stairs, he longed to make friends with him, so as, if possible, to feel less lonely. But he had only time to get out, "I say, what sort of a fellow is Mr. Gordon?"

"Terrible strict, sir, I hear," said the man, touching his cap with a comic expression, which didn't at all tend to enliven the future pupil. "That's the door," he continued, "and you'll have to give him the Doctor's note;" and, pointing to a door at the end of the passage, he walked off.

Eric stopped irresolutely. The man had disappeared, and he was by himself in the great silent building. Afraid of the sound of his own footsteps, he ran along the passage, and knocked timidly. He heard a low, a very low murmur in the room, but there was no answer. He knocked again a little louder; still no notice; then, overdoing it in his fright, he gave a very loud tap indeed.

"Come in!" said a voice, which to the new boy sounded awful; but he opened the door, and entered. As he came in every head was quickly raised; he heard a whisper of "New fellow," and the crimson flooded his face, as he felt himself the cynosure of some forty intensely-inquisitive pairs of eyes.

He found himself in a high, airy room, with three large windows opening towards the sea. At one end was the master's throne, and facing it, all down the room, were desks and benches, along which the boys were sitting at work. Every one knows how

very confusing it is to enter a strange room full of strange people, and especially when you enter it from a darker passage. Eric felt dazzled, and not seeing the regular route to the master's desk, went towards it between two of the benches. As these were at no great distance from each other, he stumbled against several legs on his way, and felt pretty sure that they were put out on purpose to trip him, especially by one boy, who pretended to be much hurt, drew up his leg, and began rubbing it, ejaculating, *solto voce*, "awkward little fool."

In this very clumsy way he had at last reached the desk, and presented his missive. The master's eye was on him, but all Eric had time to observe was, that he looked rather stern, and had in his hand a book which he seemed to be studying with the deepest interest. He glanced first at the note, and then looked full at the boy, as though determined to read his whole character by a single perusal of his face.

"Williams, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," said Eric, very low, still painfully conscious that all the boys were looking at him, as well as the master.

"Very well, Williams, you are placed in the lowest form—the fourth. I hope you will work well. At present they are learning their *Cæsar*. Go and sit next to that boy," pointing towards the lower end of the room; "he will shew you the lesson, and let you look over his book. Barker, let Williams look over with you!"

Eric went and sat down at the end of a bench by the boy indicated. He was a rough-looking fellow, with a shock head of black hair, and a very dogged look. Eric secretly thought that he wasn't a very nice-looking specimen of Roslyn School. However, he sat by him, and glanced at the *Cæsar* which the boy shoved about a quarter of an inch in his direction. But Barker didn't seem inclined to make any further advances, and presently Eric asked in a whisper;

"What's the lesson?"

The boy glanced at him, but took no further notice.

Eric repeated, "I say, what's the lesson?"

Instead of answering, Barker stared at him, and grunted:

"What's your name?"

"Eric—I mean Williams."

"Then why don't you say what you mean?"

Eric moved his foot impatiently at this ungracious reception; but as he seemed to have no redress, he pulled the *Cæsar* nearer towards him.

"Drop that; 'tisn't yours."

Mr. Gordon heard a whisper, and glanced that way. "Silence!" he said, and Barker pretended to be deep in his work, while Eric, resigning himself to his fate, looked about him.

He had plenty to occupy his attention in the faces round him. He furtively examined Mr. Gordon, as he bent over his high desk, writing, but couldn't make out the physiognomy. There had been something reserved and imperious in the master's manner, yet he thought he should not dislike him on the whole. With the countenances of his future schoolfellows he was not altogether pleased, but there were one or two which thoroughly attracted him. One boy, whose side face was turned towards him as he sat on the bench in front, took his fancy particularly, so, tired of doing nothing, he plucked up courage, and leaning forward, whispered: "Do lend me your *Cæsar* for a few minutes." The boy at once handed it to him with a pleasant smile, and as the lesson was marked, Eric had time to hurry over a few sentences, when Mr. Gordon's sonorous voice exclaimed:

"Fourth form, come up!"

Some twenty of the boys went up, and stood in a large semicircle round the desk. Eric of course was placed last, and the lesson commenced.

"Russell, begin," said the master; and immedi-

ately the boy who had handed Eric his *Cæsar* began reading a few sentences, and construed them very creditably, only losing a place or two. He had a frank, open face, bright, intelligent, fearless eyes, and a very taking voice and manner. Eric listened admiringly, and felt sure he should like him.

Barker was put on next. He bungled through the Latin in a grating, irresolute sort of way, with several false quantities, for each of which the next boy took him up. Then he began to construe—a frightful confusion of nominatives without verbs, accusatives translated as ablatives, and perfects turned into prepositions ensued, and after a hopeless flounder, during which Mr. Gordon left him entirely to himself, Barker came to a full stop; his catastrophe was so ludicrous, that Eric could not help joining in the general titter. Barker scowled.

"As usual, Barker," said the master, with a curl of the lip. "Hold out your hand!"

Barker did so, looking sullen defiance, and the cane immediately descended on his open palm. Six similar cuts followed, during which the form looked on, not without terror; and Barker, squeezing his hands tight together, went back to his seat.

"Williams, translate the piece in which Barker has just failed!"

Eric did as he was bid, and got through it pretty well. He had now quite recovered his ordinary bearing, and spoke out clearly and without nervousness. He afterwards won several places by answering questions, and at the end of the lesson was marked about half way up the form. The boys' numbers were then taken down in the weekly register, and they went back to their seats.

On his desk Eric found a torn bit of paper, on which was clumsily scrawled, "I'll teach you to grin when I'm turned, you young brute."

The paper seemed to fascinate his eyes. He stared at it fixedly, and augured ominously of Barker's intentions, since that worthy obviously alluded to his having smiled in form, and chose to interpret it as an intentional provocation. He felt that he was in for it, and that Barker meant to pick a quarrel with him. This puzzled and annoyed him, and he felt very sad to have found an enemy already.

While he was looking at the paper the great school-clock struck twelve; and the captain of the form getting up, threw open the folding doors of the school-room.

"You may go," said Mr. Gordon; and leaving his seat, disappeared by a door at the further end of the room.

Instantly there was a rush for caps, and the boys poured out in a confused and noisy stream, while at the same moment the other school-rooms disgorged their inmates. Eric naturally went out among the last; but just as he was going to take his cap, Barker seized it, and flung it with a whoop to the end of the passage, where it was trampled on by a number of the boys as they ran out.

Eric, gulping down his fury with a great effort, turned to his opponent, and said coolly, "Is that what you always do to new fellows?"

"Yes, you bumptious young owl, it is, and that too;" and a tolerably smart slap on the face followed—leaving a red mark on a cheek already aflame with anger and indignation—"should you like a little more?"

He was hurt and offended, but was too proud to cry. "What's that for?" he said, with flashing eyes.

"For your conceit in laughing at me when I was caned."

Eric stamped. "I did nothing of the kind, and you know it as well as I do."

"What? I'm a liar, am I? O we shall take this kind of thing out of you, you young cub; take that!" and a heavier blow followed.

"You brutal, cowardly bully," shouted Eric; and in another moment he would have sprung upon

him. It was lucky for him that he did not, for Barker was three years older than he, and very powerful. Such an attack would have been most unfortunate for him in every way. But at this instant some boys hearing the quarrel ran up, and Russell among them.

"Hallo, Barker," said one, "what's up?"

"Why, I'm teaching this new fry to be less bumptious, that's all."

"Shame!" said Russell, as he saw the mark on Eric's cheek; "what a fellow you are, Barker. Why couldn't you let him alone for the first day at any rate?"

"What's that to you? I'll kick you too if you say much."

"Cavé! cavé!" whispered half a dozen voices, and instantly the knot of boys dispersed in every direction, as Mr. Gordon was seen approaching. He caught a glimpse of the scene without understanding it, and seeing the new boy's red and angry face, he only said, as he passed by, "What, Williams! fighting already? Take care."

This was the cruellest cut of all. "So," thought Eric, "a nice beginning! it seems both boys and masters are against me;" and very disconsolately he walked to pick up his cap.

The boys were all dispersed on the play-ground at different games, and as he went home he was stopped perpetually, and had to answer the usual questions, "What's your name? Are you a boarder or a day scholar? What form are you in?" Eric expected all this, and it therefore did not annoy him. Under any other circumstances, he would have answered cheerfully and frankly enough; but now he felt miserable at his morning's rencontre, and his answers were short, and sheepish, his only desire being to get away as soon as possible. It was an additional vexation to feel sure that his manner did not make a favorable impression.

Before he had got out of the play-ground, Russell ran up to him. "I'm afraid you won't like this, or think much of us, Williams," he said. "But never mind. It'll only last a day or two, and the fellows are not so bad as they seem; except that Barker. I'm sorry you've come across him, but it can't be helped."

It was the first kind word he had had since the morning, and after his troubles kindness melted him. He felt half inclined to cry, and for a few moments could say nothing in reply to Russell's soothing words. But the boy's friendliness went far to comfort him, and at last, shaking hands with him, he said—

"Do let me speak to you sometimes, while I am a new boy, Russell."

"O yes," said Russell, laughing, "as much as ever you like. And as Barker hates me pretty much as he seems inclined to hate you, we are in the same box. Good-bye."

So Eric left the field, and wandered home, like Calchas in the Iliad, "sorrowful by the side of the sounding sea." Already the purple mantle had fallen from his ideal of school-boy life. He got home later than they expected, and found his parents waiting for him. It was rather disappointing to them to see his face so melancholy, when they expected him to be full of animation and pleasure. Mrs. Williams drew her own conclusions from the red mark on his cheek, as well as the traces of tears welling to his eyes; but, like a wise mother, she asked nothing, and left the boy to tell his own story,—which in time he did, omitting all the painful part, speaking enthusiastically of Russell, and only admitting that he had been a little teased.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOME girls are like muskets—they use a good deal of powder, but will not go off.

NUMERICALLY TRUE.—If a man doesn't take care of No. 1, he will have 0 to take care off.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Published every Week during Term
Time, at

NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

All communications should be sent to Editors SCHOLASTIC, Notre Dame, Indiana.

TERMS:

One year \$2 00

Single copies (10c) of the publication can be obtained at the Students' Office.

Text-Books Again.

We wrote last year concerning the text-books used in Catholic colleges and schools, and maintained that Catholic colleges and schools would be direct to duty, would be counteracting the object for which they were established, and would manifest a sordid and contemptible spirit by patronizing, or buying books of, those publishing houses from which are issued publications in which the Catholic religion is misrepresented and foully calumniated, the Catholics themselves held up to ridicule, the Catholic clergy maligned, and the Head of the Catholic Church, the Pope, the Vicar of Christ, treated with the same contumely as was his Divine Master by the rabble that finally crucified Him.

We are happy to know that many papers with much larger circulation than the SCHOLASTIC could then show, copied the article and gave it to a much larger number of readers than we could have expected.

We are also glad to know that in several colleges and schools the attention of the Presidents and Principals was directed more particularly to this matter, and they found that their stewards or other under-officers, or, in some cases, the Principal himself, had been buying from such scandalous publishers, because their attention had not been called to the malignant spirit of other publications issued by the houses, and as good terms were offered by such publishing houses, they without further examination dealt with them, especially in cases when having adopted a certain author either in Mathematics or the Classics, or in any other branch, the books were published by no other house than one of these obnoxious ones.

We are still further rejoiced to know that all those who wrote to us on the occasion not only agreed with us in theory, but showed their concurrence by their practice, and in case they had been patronizing these notoriously-known anti-Catholic publishing houses they at once bought their books from another publishing house, or

In case the book was published only by such a house, they DISCARDED that book and ADOPTED ANOTHER AUTHOR who had the good fortune not to have his book published by one of these bigotted, anti-Catholic, anti-American publishing houses.

Yet our happiness was not without alloy. We have looked over the text-books used by the Catholic Colleges of the United States. With profound regret we still find in their lists some books which are published only by these anti-Catholic publishing houses.

Now we wish to establish our position and have it well known to all. We object to no publishing house, Christian, Israelite, or Pagan, so long as it does not make it a SPECIALTY to issue a publication or publications in which the "Catholic religion is misrepresented and foully calumniated, the Catholics themselves held up to ridicule, the Catholic clergy maligned, and the Head of the Catholic Church, the Pope, the Vicar of Christ, treated with the same contumely as was his Divine Master by the rabble that finally crucified Him."

But so soon as it is known that any publishing house does issue a Weekly or Monthly, or any kind of book or publication in which all or ANY ONE OF THE ABOVE effects of ignorance or bigotry are found, then we affirm with all our heart and soul, with all devotedness for truth, with all our detestation of error and sham, from such a house there should not a single book be bought by any Catholic school, even though the book were a good one and not published by any other house.

The remedy is simple:

Adopt some OTHER AUTHOR of a book on the same subject, who has had the good fortune to have his book published by a house which is NOT NOTORIOUSLY anti-Catholic and anti-American.

We shall this week notice only two series of books which we know are still used on account of their merits in Catholic schools and colleges, although the books are published by one of the most rampant anti-Catholic publishing houses,—we need not say we mean the Harpers.

We have nothing to say against "Willson's Speller," for we have not seen it for some time, and from what we remember we think it as good a speller as can be gotten, though we : ways preferred Swan's.

Neither have we anything to say against Anthon's series of classical books. They may be good enough—they may be excellent; we care not. All we care about is this: that the Harpers as far as we know, are the sole publishers of Willson's Speller and Anthon's Series. All that we wish to lay stress upon is that both Willson's Speller and Anthon's Series should be REJECTED by all Catholic schools and colleges, and replaced by one of the many others of the kind that are equally good, and perhaps better, and published by a house that Catholics can patronize without blushing for the support they give to notorious revilers of their Church.

We are in earnest about this; and we intend to do our utmost to exclude the publications of these scandalous houses from colleges in which we have any influence. Of course we have none except in those in the United States, and perhaps Canada, which are conducted by those who think as we do on this subject. But we sincerely hope that the officers of all Catholic colleges will take this matter under serious consideration.

Is it not a shame that the hard-earned money gained by the labor and self-denial of professors and other members of a religious community, who think naught of themselves, but all for God's glory, should go to fill the purses of bigotted enemies of our holy religion, and enable such men as the Harpers and Leslies to issue cheap weeklies in which the Catholic religion is misrepresented and foully calumniated; the Catholics themselves held up to ridicule; the Catholic clergy maligned, and the Head of the Catholic Church, the Pope, the Vicar of Christ, treated with the same contumely as was his divine Master by the rabble that finally crucified Him?

We thank Mr. Hogan for his kindness in promptly remitting to us a letter with which he was charged, and which we were glad to receive.

MASTER E. W. SUTPHEN quite charmed us with his handsome physiognomy, and the evidence he gave of being a thorough-going lad. We hope he may come up to the expectations of his friends, and are sure he can if he will.

We were highly pleased one evening when happening to call into the Vice-President's room, to find our old young friends and whilom fellow travelling companions, Charley and Reub. May they do justice to their natural gifts. We have not as yet seen our silent *compagnon de voyage* of last winter, Goodhue.

Railroad Travellers.

He who is bent on a journey, says Sir Walter Scott, is usually easily to be distinguished from his fellow-citizens. The boots, the great-coat, the umbrella, the little bundle in his hand, the hat pulled over his resolved brows, the determined importance of his pace, the brief answers to the salutations of lounging acquaintances, are all marks by which the experienced traveller in mail-coach or diligence can distinguish, at a distance, the companion of his journey.

But that was long ago, before railroads had displaced stage-coaches. Now you must indeed be an experienced traveller to distinguish travellers from non-travellers as you stand amid a crowd in the passenger room or on the platform before it, in a country town. As a usual thing, about one third of the population congregate about the "depot" if the time for the train is towards evening; and the grand parks of large cities scarcely present a livelier appearance than the depot grounds.

You can with infinite ease discover the hotel-runner. No matter whether he be gotten up stunningly with moustache and well cared-for boots, or whether he rises but a degree above the 'boy' that brings up the baggage. Of course the employes of the road who give you a ticket, and check your trunk, if you have one, are distinguished with as much facility as if they wore badges, and, taken as a class, or two classes, they may be rather given to making brief responses and seem to have taken the resolution of Henry of England after the death of his son and heir; be this as it may; smiles from checkers are rarer than sunbeams in December.

The commercial traveller is recognized at a glance by his glossy silk hat, his exquisite boots, his dandy *tout-ensemble*—a few moments afterwards should you see him in the cars you would not at once swear to his identity; for the glossy hat has disappeared and a neat dust-colored, or Scotch-cap covers his head; his duster wrapped around him—and who so well as he knows how to travel comfortably?

The anxious occasional traveller may be spotted at once. He arrives early and hangs around the little hole for giving out tickets a long time before it is opened, like a boy around a concert hall door. He has found out the exact fare to the station he is going to, and has it all prepared—greenbacks and fractional currency down to the uttermost five cents, and thus far he'll go, and not a cent farther. He'll see the ticket agent in an inconveniently hot place before he does. He keeps a firm hold on his carpet sack, or if it is too large, he either puts it on the floor and straddles it, one foot on this side and one on that, or else he places it on a seat well in view and he steadily keeps one eye on his plunder and the other on the ticket-office trap-door, until it opens.

Your important fussy traveller cannot help being known. From his hat and spectacles all along down his recently ironed duster with the creases not yet out of it, to his highly polished creaking boots, tells you as plainly as his neat Russia-leather satchel that he is going off by that train.

But what do you think of that unshaved scraggy-headed man, with no shirt collar, the top button off his shirt, his vest open, disclosing a shirt front that he took to his bosom several days before, no coat but a soiled linen duster that seems to have just come off a trip,—and a dusty one too,—the heels of his pantaloons hanging loosely over his shoes. Would you take him for one about to take the train? Sir Walter would not, certainly. But he is going on that train which comes in as he is talking to a friend. While the others seizing carpet bags, scramble out and hasten to secure seats—thereby preventing the out-coming passengers from getting off the car-platform,—pushing, crowding, elbowing, fretting, perspiring, and concussing each other, they at last get in the car and take the first,

and perhaps the most uncomfortable seat in the car, on the sunny side, our unshaved friend quietly continues his conversation with his friend, and when the melodious yells of buss drivers lull down to a pussy-cat kind of a murmur as they more quietly yet more urgently impress the merits of their respective hotels upon the arriving and weary travellers, and the cheerful voice of the conductor, standing on the now comparatively empty and quiet platform, cries out "all aboard," our friend gives a friendly and unhurried shake of the hand to his companion, tranquilly makes for the car which he reaches in good time, perfectly cool, and takes a middle seat in a back car.

That man, a type of many whom you may see, not with all the peculiarities mentioned, but always in a rather untidy and just-got-up-too-late-for-breakfast look about him, and always taking events coolly, and doing just what he wants to do, may be going on a journey of a hundred miles or more, and when he arrives at his destination he will see about the drove of cattle he sent on last, or about the lots he bought lately without knowing where they are, or perhaps he will go to his room in his hotel, and towards evening will appear as a respectable farmer, a business man, a lawyer or perhaps a clergyman.

If you go to some popular church or hall, you may hear him preach or lecture: if to the theatre, you may recognize him among the applauding audience; if a friend invites you to some evening party, you may meet him there. For this kind of men cannot, or do not, take time to attend to personal externals, except when absolutely obliged to do so. And they do not see the obligation of fixing up nice to be covered with dust and perspiration, but think it better taste to put their 'store clothes' in a trunk, check the trunk, and have no more trouble with it until they unlock it in their own room.

You always see a troupe of girls and boys about the "Depot," and though from the pretty make-up and anxious look of the girls you can distinguish the travellers, if you care about it, from those who are there in expectation of welcoming an expected arrival, it is not so with the boys. Whether they are going or not it makes no difference; they are an equally careless, fun-seeking lot of humanity, enjoying the hubbub to which they contribute a large share, and not caring whether the train is behind time or not, so it does come, and they can enjoy the further felicity of seeing it or going off in it. It makes no difference whether they are well dressed or not. Dress is no criterion. You cannot judge by their travelling satchels. They never have any. "They don't care about no baggage!"

Such are some of the changes wrought by the rail-roads. After a while we shall have every man having his own private car—his dwelling house on wheels, with drawing room, bed-rooms and kitchen, if married, and if the case be of an old bachelor, he will have more room for his bachelor's hall, as he can dispense with the kitchen and take his meals regularly in the restaurant car, get his beverage in a lager beer saloon car, which will be attached to all trains. Promenade cars, with fine hurricane decks as we now have on the river boats, will be on all through trains. All a man will then have to do will be to hitch on his dwelling-car to any train passing by his town. Aha! those will be the Accommodation Trains of the future! and we—I mean you—would not be so much surprised to see this dear good old Sir Walter would be if he could see a country town depot full of people on a warm day wishing to see the train come in. In the meantime, let us have our Accommodation Train of the present day.

THE fellow who called tight boots comfortable, defended his position by saying they made a man forget all his other miseries.

WE met George Darr in the AVE MARIA office, up stairs, whither he had betaken himself to chat, we presume, with an old friend, P. O'Connell, both of whom we welcome back to Notre Dame, and hope they will manfully fulfill their respective duties.

THE THESPIAN ASSOCIATION held their first regular meeting for the first session of the scholastic year 1871-72, Wednesday evening, 13th inst. At this meeting were elected the officers for the first session, a report of which will appear in our next issue. A "play" is under course of preparation by their Director and Dramatic Instructor, a rendition of which will be given on the evening of October 13th.

Entrances for 1871-72.

G. J. Gross,	Philadelphia, Pa.
J. Dunne,	St. Louis, Mo.
Edward DeGroot,	Notre Dame, Ind.
E. A. Dougherty,	Philadelphia, Pa.
C. H. Faxon,	Chicago, Ill.
H. D. Faxon,	Chicago, Ill.
C. W. Hughes,	Hamilton, Ohio.
L. J. Marshall,	Louisville, Ky.
E. Marshall,	Louisville, Ky.
L. H. Munn,	Dacotah Ter.
F. McDonald,	St. Louis, Mo.
J. O'Meara,	Cincinnati, Ohio.
J. J. Porter,	Cleveland, Ohio.
T. Stubbs,	Galveston, Texas.
J. Stubbs,	Galveston, Texas.
F. Sweger,	Chicago, Ill.
F. Sage,	Chicago, Ill.
G. Voelker,	Salt Lake City, Utah.
J. Stinson,	Nashville, Tenn.
M. Farnbaker,	New York, City.
J. Devine,	San Antonio, Texas.
J. G. Bowen,	San Antonio, Texas.
E. Graves,	San Antonio, Texas.
F. Butters,	Chicago, Ill.
C. F. Elison,	Chicago, Ill.
J. B. Hornish,	Keokuk, Iowa.
F. Smith,	Springfield, Mass.
A. McIntosh,	Hartford, Wis.
F. Egan,	Nashville, Tenn.
D. Jocquel,	Fort Wayne, Ind.
H. L. Coffey,	Cincinnati, Ohio.
M. Mahony,	New York City.
D. O'Connell,	New York City.
R. Hunt,	Schoolcraft, Mich.
J. Zimmer,	Columbus, Ohio.
J. B. Comer,	Hastings, Minn.
J. McMahon,	Woodstock, Ill.
W. J. Clark,	Columbus, Ohio.
J. Caren,	Columbus, Ohio.
T. Mullin,	Pittsburg, Pa.
F. Bauer,	South Bend, Ind.
E. Halpin,	Toledo, Ohio.
P. Fitzpatrick,	Toledo, Ohio.
J. McGlynn,	Toledo, Ohio.
M. M. Bailly,	Adrian, Mich.
T. Murphy,	Ravenna, Ohio.
T. J. Hansard,	Ravenna, Ohio.
J. J. Kinney,	Ravenna, Ohio.
E. Ottenville,	Nashville, Tenn.
W. Sample,	Nashville, Tenn.
E. S. Plummer,	Nashville, Tenn.
F. Olwill,	Nashville, Tenn.
O. Waterman,	Nashville, Tenn.
M. McCormack,	Nashville, Tenn.
J. A. Kilcoin,	Nashville, Tenn.
F. Ready,	Nashville, Tenn.
H. Dehner,	Cascade, Iowa.
F. C. Anderson,	Chicago, Ill.
C. E. Bloomhoff,	Fort Wayne, Ind.
W. Breen,	Fort Wayne, Ind.
F. Arentz,	Fort Wayne, Ind.
M. S. Kelly,	Fort Wayne, Ind.

P. P. Reilly,	Monroe, Mich.
E. J. Nugent,	Louisville, Ky.
T. Gegan,	Philadelphia, Pa.
C. M. Proctor,	Elkhart, Ind.
J. Y. Poundstone,	Rushville, Ind.
O. Tong,	South Bend, Ind.
F. P. Leffingwell,	Lyons, Iowa.
E. Ascher,	Cincinnati, Ohio.
S. Rust,	Chicago, Ill.
I. J. Badeaux,	Thebadoux, La.
T. J. Dundon,	Clarksburgh, Mich.
F. Flood,	Westville, Ind.
F. Moore,	Havanna, Ill.
A. Paquin,	Duncan, Mich.
F. Miller,	Mattison, Ill.
T. L. Watson,	Zion, Ky.
T. Noel,	Paxton, Ill.
W. H. Kinzie,	Chicago, Ill.
J. Quill,	Chicago, Ill.
C. W. Karst,	Defiance, Ohio.
W. W. Sampsel,	Elyria, Ohio.
W. Moon,	Warsaw, Ind.
C. Campeau,	Detroit, M. ch.
J. Pumphrey,	Columbus, Ohio.
J. Karst,	Findley, Ohio.
J. E. Hogan,	Joliet, Ill.
G. Darr,	Cincinnati, Ohio.
F. Livingston,	South Bend, Ind.
S. Wile,	Laporte, Ind.
A. L. Wile,	Laporte, Ind.
F. P. Carlin,	Findlay, Ohio.
J. Gleeson,	Chicago, Ill.
P. Hennessy,	South Bend, Ind.
T. F. Hughes,	Peoria, Ill.
E. Mulhenny,	Toledo, Ohio.
W. J. Tole,	Milwaukee, Wis.
D. Gahan,	Elgin, Ill.
C. W. Kimball,	Elgin, Ill.
G. Kurt,	Milwaukee, Wis.
J. Burnham,	Milwaukee, Wis.
A. Schwaab,	Milwaukee, Wis.
J. H. Shirley,	Antwerp, Ohio.
F. Dowe,	Milwaukee, Wis.
J. Hanly,	Milwaukee, Wis.
F. Devoto,	Cairo, Ill.
J. Luebke,	Milwaukee, Wis.
A. Schmidt,	Chicago, Ill.
J. Dore,	Hennepin, Ill.
J. B. Dougherty,	Chicago, Ill.
D. T. Glickauf,	Chicago, Ill.
P. Logue,	Calamine, Wis.
H. Hubbard,	Terre Coupee, Ind.
F. M. Williams,	Terre Coupee, Ind.
N. Mitchell,	Davenport, Iowa.
T. E. Dechant,	Franklin, Ohio.
J. P. Hofman,	Chicago, Ill.
H. A. Hoffman,	Chicago, Ill.
B. F. Fisher,	Freeport, Ill.
H. Schulte,	Freeport, Ill.
A. Kleine,	Cincinnati, Ohio.
H. Enneking,	Cincinnati, Ohio.
P. O'Meara,	Dewitt, Iowa.
F. Phelan,	St. Louis, Mo.
J. D. Waters,	St. Louis, Mo.
W. Byrnes,	St. Louis, Mo.
W. C. Fiedeldy,	Cincinnati, Ohio.
H. A. Heckert,	Cincinnati, Ohio.
L. Roth,	Cincinnati, Ohio.
F. W. Whitney,	Cincinnati, Ohio.
J. Wuest,	Cincinnati, Ohio.
J. Kauffman,	Cincinnati, Ohio.
I. Judy,	Attica, Ind.
F. W. Chamberlain,	Chicago, Ill.
P. O'Connell,	Summit, Ill.
S. C. Ashton,	Leavenworth, Kan.
G. Wirthlin,	Cincinnati, Ohio.
B. Luhn,	Cincinnati, Ohio.
J. D. McIntyre,	Grand Rapids, Mich.
E. Poor,	Cincinnati, Ohio.
A. C. Morton,	Battle Creek, Mich.
F. Trautman,	Chicago, Ill.

W. Meyer, Portsmouth, Ohio.
 L. Hayes, Chicago, Ill.
 R. Lange, Muskegon, Mich.
 J. Daimody, Marion, Ohio.
 W. Quinlan, Cleveland, Ohio.
 P. J. Cooney, Cleveland, Ohio.
 G. W. Page, Ionia, Mich.
 J. M. Rourke, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 C. Salisbury, Savanna, Ill.
 F. G. Kenyon, Elkhart, Ind.
 E. Milburn, Mishawaka, Ind.
 F. Huck, Chicago, Ill.
 J. Shannahan, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 T. O'Mahony, Lake Forest, Ill.
 C. Berdel, Chicago, Ill.
 J. A. Taylor, Chicago, Ill.
 H. Taylor, Chicago, Ill.
 D. Maloney, Elgin, Ill.
 R. Kelly, Minneapolis, Minn.
 J. B. Crummey, St. Paul, Minn.
 G. W. Crummey, St. Paul, Minn.
 J. Bracken, Chicago, Ill.
 M. Weldon, Covington, Ind.
 E. Bucher, Cedarville, Ill.
 S. Bell, Cedarville, Ill.
 J. J. Graham, Chicago, Ill.
 J. McGinniss, Ottawa, Ill.
 S. Marks, Chicago, Ill.
 J. Marks, Chicago, Ill.
 L. McOsler, Elgin, Ill.
 F. McOsler, Elgin, Ill.
 W. Emonds, Iowa City, Iowa.
 G. Juif, Conner's Creek, Mich.
 J. Juif, Conner's Creek, Mich.
 H. Quan, Chicago, Ill.
 A. B. Chouteau, Alton, Ill.
 R. Redmond, Chicago, Ill.
 J. Nash, Rockford, Ill.
 F. P. Hamilton, Flint, Mich.
 C. Hanna, Loveland, Ohio.
 L. Hibben, Chicago.
 W. Ohlen, Columbus, Ohio.
 G. Summers, Notre Dame, Ind.
 E. W. Sutphen, Omaha, Neb.
 H. T. Cannon, Tuscola, Ill.
 J. H. Ward, Chicago, Ill.
 J. Rumely, Laporte, Ind.
 R. M. Dooley, Waukegan, Ill.
 W. T. Ball, Chicago, Ill.
 E. L. McGee, Bloomington, Ind.
 R. W. Staley, St. Louis, Mo.
 A. Staley, Evansville, Ind.
 E. E. Gault, Chicago, Ill.
 J. A. Roberts, Columbus, Ohio.
 H. F. Clark, Lafayette, Ind.
 L. Busch, Chicago, Ill.
 E. W. Barry, Idaho City, Idaho.
 E. M. Dasher, Cambridge City, Ind.
 T. A. Ireland, Cincinnati, Ohio.
 J. L. Ireland, Cincinnati, Ohio.
 C. Hutchings, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 R. Hutchings, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 E. Shea, Milwaukee, Wis.
 E. Edwards, Toledo, Ohio.
 C. StClair, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 T. O'Neil, Chicago, Ill.
 H. W. Long, Grand Rapids, Mich.
 J. W. Staley, St. Louis, Mo.
 J. E. Davis, Monroe, Mich.
 L. C. Godfrey, Monroe, Mich.
 H. W. Waldorf, Monroe, Mich.
 G. W. Hodgson, Clarksville, Tenn.
 B. E. Blackmann, Clarksville, Tenn.
 F. C. Bare, South Bend, Ind.
 E. Keating, South Bend, Ind.
 C. Dodge, Burlington, Iowa.
 H. Hunt, Burlington, Iowa.
 C. A. Parsons, Burlington, Iowa.
 M. B. Green, South Bend, Ind.
 T. Renshaw, Chicago, Ill.
 J. Wallace, Rochester, Ind.

E. Howland,
 S. Sullivan,
 C. A. Butler,
 E. Raymond,
 J. McHugh,
 J. E. Carr,
 C. Gamache,
 P. Jacobs,
 T. Fitzpatrick,
 W. Murphy,
 T. Phillips,
 H. Schnelker,
 J. Danz,
 C. Harvey,
 B. Roberts,
 E. Roberts,
 J. Smarr,
 J. C. Birdsell,
 E. Sheehan,
 J. Dowd,
 S. Dum,
 W. Dum,

Elkhart, Ind.
 South Bend, Ind.
 Wayne, Mich.
 Chicago, Ill.
 Lafayette, Ind.
 Cleveland, Ohio.
 South Bend, Ind.
 Wapakoneta, Ohio.
 Defiance, Ohio.
 Columbus, Ohio.
 Escanada, Mich.
 New Haven, Ind.
 Chicago, Ill.
 St. Louis, Mo.
 Independence, Mo.
 Independence, Mo.
 Independence, Mo.
 South Bend, Ind.
 Louisville, Ky.
 Dunkirk, N. Y.
 Amanda, Ohio.
 Amanda, Ohio.

The Mysticism of Number.

PART I.—CONTINUED.

Numbers Evolved from Unity.

§ 2.—THE NUMBER FOUR.

This number prevails in all works of architecture and the useful arts. Our cities are built, as much as possible, square, the streets crossing each other at right angles, and dividing the city up into smaller squares. The separate houses with their principal parts,—rooms, windows, doors, chimneys,—are rectangular, or four-sided in shape. Articles of furniture—tables, beds, chairs, approach the same form.

The earth herself hath her four cardinal points, from which we estimate her distances; and the year has four seasons.

The fabric of human society is built upon four cardinal virtues, and the Church of Christ, the preservative of society, is known by her four marks. Her Gospel is written by four Evangelists. For the Heavenly Jerusalem, even, no method of building has been found more perfect. *HE POLIS TETRAGONOS KEITAI*—the city lyeth in the form of a square. The spiritual edifice in the human soul also is built up by four principal acts of religion, viz.: adoration, thanksgiving, satisfaction, and impenetration. It is confirmed against temptation by meditation on the four last things: death, judgment, hell, and heaven.

The square measures all areas, as the cube all solids: the right angle is itself an intimation of the number four, since it suggests the rectangle, which has four sides. So what is called a carpenter's square is often but a mere right angle.

There was a sacred name revealed to the Jews of old, which they, through reverence, some time afterwards, ceased altogether from pronouncing, and their written language at that time consisting only of consonants, the true pronunciation of it is now lost. The word *ADONAI* was commonly substituted for it in reading the sacred Scriptures, but from its four consonants, J-I-V-H, some moderns have forged the name "Jehovah." But the four consonants are really all that remain to us of this most proper name of the Deity, and from their number it is called the *tetragrammaton*, or word of four letters.

These letters are all "*spirits*," or breathings, for the J is pronounced like Y-consonant. They exercise all the vocal organs, the first being formed in the palate, the second in the throat, the third on the lips. The fourth is but the second repeated, and in this repetition lies the meaning of the number four.

For the three letters denote the three Persons in

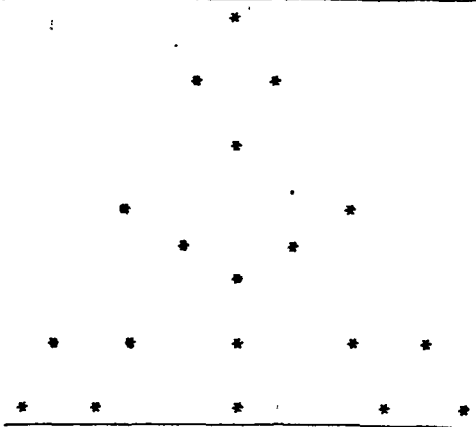
the Godhead, and the fourth the Incarnation of the second of these divine Persons, and all the external creation which was made to be His kingdom. Thus four, the number appropriate to all building or establishing, was called into existence at the time of the establishment of the heavens themselves.

From the construction of this sacred name, we should likewise observe that four is made by repeating one of three, and is therefore properly considered as evolved from unity, without any admixture of duality. But in speaking of duality we shall show that even in the forms $2+2$ and 2×2 it is still independent of the number *two*. S

Solution of the Farmer's Problem.

On looking over the last SCHOLASTIC we noticed something on one of its neatly-printed pages which struck us at the time as being well calculated to tax the abilities of many of our geometrists. We doubted not at the time that some would be able to solve this problem, as it was called, almost at first sight; yet, after a little study, we came to the conclusion that it was not such an easy matter, and it was only after a deal of thinking and labor in arranging the trees properly that we at last came to the conclusion that we had it.

The problem states that the farmer has nineteen trees, and wishes to plant them in nine rows, consisting each of five trees. We think this farmer is rather fond of geometrical figures, but here is our solution: The best plan for his orchard is, in our estimation, that of an equilateral triangle, although perhaps another form of triangle may suffice. In the first place, he is to plant a tree at each vertex of the triangle, then one at the intersection of lines drawn from the vertices to the centre of the opposite sides. Now he is to lay off, equal distances from each vertex on these lines drawn bisecting the sides, and plant a tree at these places. Now, through these points, or the trees if he likes, he may imagine lines to be drawn cutting the sides. A tree should be planted at each point of intersection. Now he has nine lines laid out, cutting one another in nineteen different places, and at five different points on each line. If a tree be planted at each of these intersections, an orchard will be the consequence, considering the trees to be fruit-trees, and the peculiarities of this orchard are that out of the nineteen trees it contains, nine straight rows are found, each containing five trees. We here give the figure presented by a plat of this singular orchard:

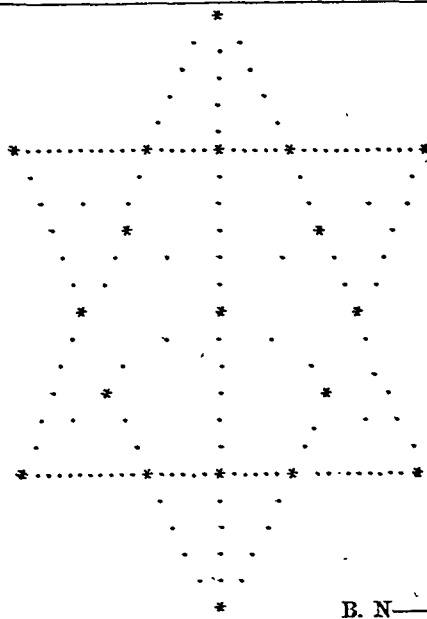


Yours truly,
 "BILLY REX."

The same solution was given by B. W—d.

A COUNTRY editor who carries concealed weapons is searching for the writer on health who sent the editor's wife a circular recommending that carpets should be taken up and beaten every month.

EDS. SCHOLASTIC:—Here is one way of disposing the apple trees according to the farmer's shes:



Problems.

I have a certain number in my mind; I divide it by 5; from one-fifth I take a number and add it to another one-fifth, so that the latter is twice the former; from a third one-fifth I take another part and add it to the fourth one-fifth, so that the fourth is one and half times as large as the third, the last one-fifth remaining unchanged. What is the lowest number?

ELEVEN trees; eleven rows; three trees in each row.

P. T. BARNUM's circus, etc., is on its travels. Whether the famous Balcony Band accompanies it, we do not know. This band, in its palmy days, was celebrated for doing the worst playing ever heard. Some one asked Barnum why he did not get a better. He said the idea was to have them play so badly, that everybody would pay a quarter to get inside, where they could not hear the music (?). It was also profitable, as the following anecdote goes to show:

One morning the papers contained an advertisement:

"WANTED.—A Trombone player for Barnum's Balcony Band. Apply between ten and two at the office of the Museum."

So about eleven o'clock the office door opened and a trombone entered, and a man behind it.

"You want a trombone player?" said the newcomer (the man, not the instrument).

"Yes," said Mr. Barnum.

"What is the place worth?" asked the applicant.

"Oh, about twenty-five dollars a week, I suppose," said Barnum.

"Very well, I should like it."

"All right," said Barnum.

So all the week through the trombone was at its post. Then came Saturday, and Mr. Green, the trombone player, presented himself for his salary. Mr. Barnum handed him a paper on which was written:

Mr. P. Green,	To P. T. Barnum, Dr.,	
To playing trombone on his balcony one		
week,		\$25.00
Aug. 11, 1851.	Rec'd pay't.	

Mr. Green read the bill, and smiled, and then looked at Mr. Barnum.

"Well," said Mr. Barnum, "it's all right, isn't it?"

"Why," said Green, "the price is right, but you've made such a funny mistake. You make me the debtor instead of you."

"I see no mistake in that," said Barnum. "You are the one that has made a mistake. You see, the case is this: There are a good many gentlemen in this city, who are fond of practising brass instruments, but they cannot do so at home on account of the neighbors' objections. So I furnish them room on my balcony a number of hours per day, where it does no harm, the street being so very noisy, and they pay me a small sum per week for my trouble in keeping the organization full. You must have thought me green to hire and pay such an infernally poor lot of players. However, as you appear to have been honestly mistaken, you can pay me ten dollars this week, but hereafter I can make no reduction."

Mr. Green did not play the second week.—*Musical Independent.*

M. SELIGMANN, the accomplished violoncellist, has been the last few weeks in London, but, notwithstanding many pressing "invitations," he has declined performing in public; although many of his private friends have had the pleasure of hearing him. We read in the *Gaulois* the following anecdote of this clever virtuoso:

M. Seligmann was on a tour in Germany with his Stradivarius. One day, breakfasting with a friend at his hotel, a band of itinerant musicians commenced playing in front of the *salle a manger*, much to the annoyance of the guests, as their performance was not "A 1," and, in consequence, their chance of obtaining any remuneration very slight, the "conductor's" face on going round with the "hat" looking very long indeed. M. Seligmann's friend said to him, "I'll make you a bet you dare not play a violoncello solo yourself, and then go round with the 'hat,' and obtain a few kreutzers for these poor devils."

M. Seligmann accepted the bet, borrowed the violoncello of one of the band, played his solo—gaining immense applause—went himself round with the "hat," and obtained a goodly number of kreutzers, which he duly handed over the "chef," the violoncellist of the band.—*Musical Independent, Chicago.*

Star of the East Base-Ball Club.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Once more we call upon you to insert in your columns a few lines concerning our Club, wishing thereby to let our friends both at home and abroad know that we are still in existence.

At a meeting held in our usual meeting-place, for the purpose of reorganization, the following officers were elected:

Director—Brother Norbet-Joseph.
Ass't Directors—Bros. Marcellinus and Irenæus.
President—N. S. Mitchell.
Vice-President—T. E. Dechant.
Recording Secretary—W. J. Clarke.
Corresponding Secretary—J. A. Roberts.
Treasurer—J. Darmody.
Censors—H. Clarke and L. Marshall.
Field Directors—J. Badeaux and T. Hughes.

From present appearance we think that the First Nine of the Star of the East will present a very strong "field" this year, and it is our earnest wish to regain our lost laurels—the championship of Notre Dame. Of our forty members we know that there is not one who will not try his best in every way to promote the interest of the Club, and try every means in his power to gain for his Club the honor of being the leading one of the University.
J. A. ROBERTS, Cor. Sec.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, Sept. 13, 1871.

On the eighth inst. Rev. Father Provincial, S. S. C., celebrated High Mass at St. Mary's, to invoke the blessing of God upon the labors of the teachers and pupils. He also gave a very instructive and practical discourse, in which he showed his youthful hearers the necessity of often recalling to mind the noble object they had in view when, leaving home and relatives, they came to St. Mary's to avail themselves of the facilities, here afforded, of acquiring a good education.

The usual routine of duties and recreation has commenced. All seem in earnest in their desire to improve their present opportunities of storing their minds with useful knowledge. The new pupils are becoming naturalized, and enter into the simple sports and pastimes of the season with great gusto. It is amusing to see how readily the city-raised Misses learn to join in a raid on the apple orchard or melon patch. Croquet and other games, music and dancing, walks, fancy work and conversation fill up the leisure time, and thus mind and body being recreated, the pupils resume their studies with vigor and cheerfulness.

We give below a list of the pupils now present. Every day there are arrivals of old pupils who, presuming on the fact that all preliminaries are settled, come prepared to step into their respective classes.

Respectfully, STYLUS.

LIST OF PUPILS OF SEVENTEENTH SCHOLASTIC YEAR, COMMENCING SEPTEMBER 13TH, 1871.

Miss Hattie Niel,	St. Louis, Missouri.
" Lizzie Niel,	St. Louis, Missouri.
" Nellie Gross,	Philadelphia, Pa.
" Johanna Falvey,	Winamac, Indiana.
" Mary A. Roberts,	Columbus, Ohio.
" Mary Ford,	Memphis, Tennessee.
" Rachael Nelson,	Redrier Landing, La.
" Meda Hildreth,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Alice Carmody,	New Orleans, La.
" Amelia E. Wood,	Jefferson, Texas.
" Estella Ray,	Fort Wayne, Indiana.
" Annie Lloyd,	Muskegon, Michigan.
" Francis Lloyd,	Muskegon, Michigan.
" Katie Lloyd,	Muskegon, Michigan.
" Nellie Lloyd,	Muskegon, Michigan.
" Ettie Burney,	Toledo, Ohio.
" Annie Burney,	Toledo, Ohio.
" Nannie Duffield,	Wheeling, Virginia.
" Jessie Duffield,	Wheeling, Virginia.
" Mary M. Sylvester,	Grand Rapids, Mich.
" Gipsy Kellogg,	Detroit, Michigan.
" Marion Faxon,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Flora Munn,	Fort Wadsworth, Da.
" Emily Plamondon,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Clara Richmond,	Boise City, Idaho.
" Carrie Crevling,	St. Louis, Missouri.
" Aurelia Mulhall,	St. Louis, Missouri.
" Bridget McCarthy,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Fannie J. Wilkins,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Rose Wile,	Laporte, Indiana.
" Francis Kendall,	Winona, Minnesota.
" Hattie McLaughlin,	Utica, New York.
" Fannie Butters,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Ellen Lavery,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Augustus Sturgis,	Sturgis, Michigan.
" Alice Lynch,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Sarah Lynch,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Annie E. Clarke,	Buchanan, Michigan.
" Lucy Duffield,	Wheeling, West Va.
" Mary W. Ware,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Ida Taylor,	Omaha, Nebraska.
" Annie Garrity,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Ida Garrity,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Mary Garrity,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Bell Gaffney,	Cairo, Illinois.
" Sylvia Johnson,	Cairo, Illinois.
" Ada Hamilton,	Cairo, Illinois.

Miss Annie Hunt,	Schoolcraft, Michigan.
" Nina Bower,	Monmouth, Illinois.
" Maggie Tuberty,	Lafayette, Indiana.
" Ida Reynolds,	Cassopolis, Michigan.
" Bay Reynolds,	Cassopolis, Michigan.
" Jennie Walker,	South Bend, Indiana.
" Mary Walker,	South Bend, Indiana.
" Mary E. Leonard,	Manston, Wisconsin.
" Mammie Reynolds,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Maria H. Pinney,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Ida C. Washburn,	St. Louis, Missouri.
" Fannie Moore,	Havana, Illinois.
" Nellie Sanders,	Blue Island, Illinois.
" Kate Miller,	Richton, Illinois.
" Mary Quill,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Estella Dunbar,	Washington, D. C.
" M. Mooney,	Philadelphia, Pa.
" Belle Hilton,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Mary Dillon,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Mary Moon,	Leesburgh, Indiana.
" Alice Piatt,	Leesburgh, Indiana.
" Rose Devoto,	Cairo, Illinois.
" Agnes Connahan,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Carrie Latta,	Millford, Indiana.
" Lizzie Hoyt,	St. Joseph, Michigan.
" Flora Hoyt,	St. Joseph, Michigan.
" Belle Stephens,	St. Joseph, Michigan.
" Lizzie Marshall,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Ada Byrne,	St. Louis, Missouri.
" Sarah Honeymen,	Hannibal, Missouri.
" Clara Germain,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Louisa Buchler,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Anna Gollardth,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Mary Armsby,	Monmouth, Illinois.
" Anna McLaughlin,	Vinton, Iowa.
" Georgia Hurst,	Springfield, Illinois.
" Hanna Tinsley,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Louisa Tinsley,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Lula Harrison,	Memphis, Tennessee.
" Jennie Judy,	Attica, Indiana.
" Minnie Lang,	Muskegon, Michigan.
" Champion,	Coldwater, Michigan.
" Alice Mast,	Springfield, Ohio.
" Kate Zell,	Peoria, Illinois.
" Mattie Shirland,	South Bend, Indiana.
" Nora O'Meara,	Cincinnati, Ohio.
" Ida Wilder,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Emma Kirwan,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Mary Kirwan,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Ida Edwards,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Kate Haymond,	St. Paul, Minnesota.
" Georgie Kelly,	St. Paul, Minnesota.
" Annie Borup,	St. Paul, Minnesota.
" Maggie Nash,	Rockford, Illinois.
" Amelia Emmons,	Iowa City, Iowa.
" Minnie Quan,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Jennie Forbes,	St. Paul, Minnesota.
" Mamie Prince,	St. Paul, Minnesota.
" Mary Kearney,	Kansas City, Nebraska.
" Julia Kearney,	Kansas City, Nebraska.
" Minnie Booth,	Muskegon, Michigan.
" Mittie Ward,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Mary Cummings,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Ellen Horgan,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Josie Hogue,	Peoria, Illinois.
" Kate McMahon,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Hannah McMahon,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Katie Follmer,	Niles, Michigan.
" Caroline Pischczak,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Nellie Hogue,	Peoria, Illinois.
" Agath St. Clair,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Jeaneette Coffey,	Cincinnati, Ohio.
" Era Culver,	Culver Station, Indiana.
" Vadie Ball,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Mande DeLong,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Alice Shea,	Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
" Maggie McIntyre,	Lake Forest, Illinois.
" Rose McIntyre,	Lake Forest, Illinois.
" Mary Goodbody,	Lake Forest, Illinois.
" Almira Standard,	Lewiston, Illinois.
" Fannie Taylor,	Cleveland, Ohio.
" Eva Rollin,	Elkhart, Indiana.
" Maggie Letourneau,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Aline Todd,	Plymouth, Indiana.
" Belle Cabel,	Kalamazoo, Michigan.
" Ada Hadsell,	Pontiac, Michigan.
" Mary Cochrane,	Chicago, Illinois.
" Lilly West,	Council Bluffs, Iowa.
" N. Sullivan,	Detroit, Michigan.
" A. Hunt,	Cassopolis, Michigan.
" C. Latice,	Millford, Indiana.

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